



The Harbinger
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The Last Day...

...For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers, of those that are good... 2 Timothy 3:1-9

As I sit here and look down over the hustle and bustle of this thriving city and what used to be a beautiful oasis; before development took it from nature and handed it you, I'm both troubled and giddy by how things really got to be *this* bad.

Though many omens, stories and a book even, foretold this day, I *honestly* never thought I'd see it happen.

While I can't say that I had *faith* in you fleshers to straighten up your acts, I misjudged the common sense I believed you to have. I truly expected you to wake up and see what you were squandering away.

I'm not used to being wrong and was I ever!

With each new generation that sprang up from the decay of the previous one, I saw more and more waste, self-centeredness, entitlement and greed became like a cancer, consuming everyone that got even a taste of anything they craved.

All of these horrific flaws; the mistake of what it means to be nothing more than an experiment gone terribly wrong in the form of you fleshers - humans - were the shadowed whispers of what was to come.

Even the simple act of love, was replaced with loathing; though I will admit that leading up to this day, there wasn't much reason to love any of you and I can't say that I really remember a time that *any* of you were worthy of love. A good kick, maybe...death, sickness...that I can agree with, but love?

Not for a long time.

You fleshers have done nothing but play victim since the Creator made the mistake of forming Adam from the dust. It could be no other way - you were destined to fall by and by nothing more than your own doings.

Ironically, you fleshers have a saying... 'Give a person enough rope and they'll hang themselves.' Prophetic words indeed...

Reminiscing...

At first you weren't so bad. You were manageable, you were...*controllable*...and you minded, like good pets should.

But as your intelligence and curiosity grew and I suppose I should mention, as you became lazier, I realized that you are hopeless...as did the others.

You are children, simpering, whimpering, pathetic little children and if things don't go your way, you pout, cause trouble

and stamp your feet like the spoiled drama queens you all dish about in your pathetic lives; gobbling up each and every morsel of dirt you can find.

It might not surprise you to hear that we do the same...only our dirt dishing comes at *your* expense. You're unruly brats...and that trait – in all of you - has simply gotten worse. From the day you're born you are treated like the royalty you are not, nor will you ever be.

I guess that brings me to the arrogance so many of you display on a daily basis.

Never in my existence; which spans far longer than your feeble minds (for all the intelligence you *think* you have) can comprehend, have I seen such self-delusion and visions of grandeur.

I should include in this assessment as well, the rash entitlement you all *think* you deserve. It's laughable and you are all the more pathetic for it. What's so sad is that you are the only ones who can't see it.

Those of us, privy to the oncoming war that is brewing in every plane of existence (no matter the side we follow,) enjoy a good laugh at your expenses; one of the few commonalities we *all* share.

No matter which side you fleshers follow and even if you follow no side, we laugh at you, because you think you have a good idea of what life is all about. You honestly think you have it all figured out and if you are humble enough to *not* think so, you still think that you have a good idea.

The Downfall...

You couldn't be further from the truth.

Did you actually think that many (if any) of us had hope for you? We didn't, believe me.

While I never *really* thought He'd have the balls to go through with it, I also hoped He would.

I have no loyalty to Him or anyone else...I'm simply here to do a job and you cannot imagine how long an eternity is, when waiting to see you fleshers get what you deserve.

I can't say that I was *always* so cynical, but looking back, it's been a *long* time in coming. You have stripped me of every vestige of hope.

There have been times that I saw random acts of kindness, empathy, compassion and even selflessness...people giving their lives for each other and for causes, goals and dreams bigger than them.

But it didn't take long to see those same gallant actions overshadowed by your implicit need for validation, your drama, game-playing and woefully sick need for attention – no matter what you have to do, or who you have to hurt, to get it.

After a lifetime of stops and starts on an adventure that could have been a glorious one - only to be let down again and again - I washed my hands of you and began to simply wait to be called to do my duty. In my heart I knew that you would never be...*could* never be what He thought you'd be.

Your god is a petulant child refusing to share toys with any other, a foolhardy teenager speeding through existence in a fancy car that He can't control. Now that He's seen what a joke you've made of yourselves (not to mention Him) His embarrassment can't do anything else, but prompt the orchestration of your destruction.

That and He's losing the bet...

He thought that all you fleshers would actually follow Him and to His credit, many of you do. All the more sad for you, because even in the apocryphal and blind devotion so many of you sheep show for Him, there simply aren't enough of you and He's losing.

This humiliation He can't allow and so you all must go.

Duty...

That book that so many of you have put such misguided faith in, never speaks of me and that's fine.

I'm used to being hidden away in secrecy.

No one wants to admit I exist...well, some do, but they don't have the power to summon me. I am the, 'ace in the hole,' as you fleshers like to say, and I can't wake until summoned.

That time has come and I have a job to do.

So here I sit only a moment more, before I take my walk through this city. I have many more to visit after this one, so I really can dally no longer.

I will say this in parting though...you fleshers really turned a beautiful haven into a shithole. I'll also say that it's my pleasure to reward your acts of wanton...well, everything I've mentioned...as it wasn't just *one* of those flaws that could cause Him to give up on you, as well... with exactly what you deserve.

I relish the thought, I eagerly await each order and I revel in the suffering I bring to *all* of you.

You had your chance...too bad you didn't know how to treasure, instead of trash it.

About the Author

Long retired from writing, legendary and controversial author, Andrea Dean Van Scoyoc has turned her driving passion toward her music (she's known as DJ Mistress Macabre and can be found via all major online music retailers) and her filmmaking.

A Neo Nihilist, The Harbinger faithfully remains Andy's favorite short story.

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